

*The History of*

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,  
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,  
To wage an instant triall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,  
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne  
The speciall head of al the land together.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland and warlike Blunt,

And many mo coriuales and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes,

*Sir M.* Doubt not my L. he shall be well oppos'd:

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet, needfull it is to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:

For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,

For he hath heard of out confederacy,

And, tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste I must go write againe

To other friendes & so fare well, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*

*Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,

Above yon busky hill, the day looks pale

At his distemperature.

*Prince* The Southerne wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purples,

And by hollow whistling in the leaues,

Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then, with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now, my Lord of Worcester? tis not well:

That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes,

As

*Henry the fourth.*

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our trust,

And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,

To crush our old lims in vngentle steele:

This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? will you againe vnknit

This churlish knot of all abhorred war?

And moue in that obedient orbe againe,

Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigie of feare, and a portent

Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?

*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content

To entertaine the lag end of my life

With quiet houres. For I protest,

I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace, chewet peace.

*Wor.* It pleasde your Maiesty to turne your lookes

Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,

And yet I must remember you my Lord:

We were the first and dearest of your friends,

For you my staffe of office did I breake,

In Richards time, & posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne

That brought you home, and boldly did outdate

The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did sweare that oth at Dancaster

That you did nothing purpose gainst the state

Nor claime no further, then your new false right,

The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,

To this, we swore our aide: but in short space

It rained down fortune shewing on your head,

And such a flood of greatnes fell on you.

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